Trapped

E-40

[feat. Mike Marshal][Chorus: Mike Marshall]They got me trapped, aye
Ooooh trapped like an animal
I just wanna get out
But they won't let me live my life
Ooooh...
Trapped like an animal
I just wanna get out
But they won't let me live my life
[Verse 1: E-40]Uhh, my phone rang
You got a collect call from an inmate in a federal prison
I dang near cried
Too expect charges, press 5
Family did you get my wheeler, my kite, my letter
I put sumthin' on your commissary and shot you a little cheddar
Yeah I got it family right on for that look what I think
In the federal prison we can email now you should hit me up on cure links
I'm thinking about writing a book I been keeping a little diary
Spending a lot of time in the jail house library
Exercising and eating right, burpees and push-ups at night
Conditioning my brain fast and try'na change my life
Remember the homie she up in here too
He told me to tell you what's up brah he speak highly of you
He the one who be cuttin' my hair, he try'na go to barber shop
Stick to hisself neutral partna is a coon
[Chorus: Mike Marshall][Verse 2: E-40]I'm in here on some trucked up charges, but snitchin' not my style
They gave me mo time than a rapist and a pedafile
I'm reading the bible my celly reading the Qur'an
It's been a year since I last seen my mom
I'm in here programming foreal

Waiting for the laws to change next week I'm up in a appeal
But I know it ain't goin work
Nobody comes to visit; I ain't got no family support
But I got this one correction new officer, she ain't got no fear
Anything you can get on the streets we can get it here
That's what she told me
So she snuck me in her cell phone put it up in her coochie
Uhh, I stay in trouble
Beat the nigga ass with a chair over a game of Pe-Knuckle

About a week or so ago
To them I'm just a number they ain't goin never let me go
[Chorus: Mike Marshall][Verse 3: E-40]They in the yard playing basketball hoopin'
While I'm talking to my OG potna, he proovin'
He up under that attic
Anybody fuck with me, he a split they wig back, uhh
He used to be a baller
On the streets he a fiend but in the pen he's a shot-caller
Security on the roof in the pear
Waiting for some shit to jump off live Mamo and Radic here, uhh
Tomorrow a nigga birthday and you know
I got a big ole plastic bag of pruno
I'm finna get zooted
Drinking ain't good for you, but is there a peutic
Man a little chest but under a whole lot of stress
Reason a 31-year-old granddaddy my grandson Teevan
I feel bad cause all I got is advice
And I ain't got nothing to show for it brah I'm in here for life
[Chorus: Mike Marshall][Sings in background:]They got me trapped, they got me trapped, they got me trapped
Don't matter if you walk away they got'chu trapped
They got me trapped, they got me trapped, they got me trapped
Don't matter if you walk away they got'chu trapped

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